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THE A. T. STEWART COLLECTION.

SECOND NOTICE.

A STRIKING and popular picture is the "Triumph of Germanicus," yet it can hardly be said that it is the triumph of Piloty. This German Delaroche is given to

anterior scene which might equally tempt the Piloty pencil; it is the earlier disgrace of the oft-abased, proud Thusnelda. Her father, to win favor with the Romans, entrapped Arminius and Thusnelda to his castle, even while his son-in-law was flushed with victory. Arminius escaped, but Thusnelda was conducted like a captive by

holy oak, and tottering with debility and shame. Thusnelda herself, following behind, is not a more striking illustration of Roman outrage. Yet still more dishonorable and debased than any mere example of Latin harshness was the cynical, sycophantic figure of Thusnelda's father, Segestes, introduced into the triumph as a Roman ally, his giant form desecrated sitting near Germanicus as a friend, and looking on while his daughter and grandson were led in chains.

A well-known picture, by Zamacois, wafts us from the humors of the present to the humors of long ago. It is an antechamber of King Francis the First, with his menagerie of court dwarfs and buffoons, in full conclave assembled. How bad the air is in this crowd of captive monstrosities, how plain the close menagerie-smell, how mephitic the atmosphere of a despotism in its most tyrannical purlieus! The painter has comprehended what a telling blow at feudalism can be delivered by hitting at once at feudalism's meanest fashion, that of purchasing its merriment from imprisoned unfortunates. In the early part of his career the sardonic Zamacois dwelt much on this aspect of feudal systems—on the vagaries of Pedro the Cruel, and the miseries of Triboulet in "Le Roi s'amuse"—representing many a group of wretched, objectless hunchbacks in splendid liveries and gilded cages, preparatory to planting his downright anti-monarchical blow in "The Education of a Prince." The present scene is his most elaborate effort in this kind, and his sarcastic humor finds vent, too, in a notion that never occurred to a painter before, and would only occur to a Spaniard—he places his own portrait and the portraits of his friends on the shoulders of these unfortunates. When we see the symmetrical profiles, with grim mock-serious expressions, of his comrades Worms and Berne-Bellecour on the hunched backs of dwarfs, his own lean face in the ass-eared cap of a jester, and his pretty young brother's fresh cheeks and curls over the collar of a saucy page, we discern some meaning within the lines akin to the moody strictures of Goya—some half-uttered jibe to the effect that the art of the Second Empire was one of bondage and baseness, certain to take its place in the history of painting as a form of gilded degradation, and able to bear the slave's worst misfortune—that of smiling in slavery.

Shall we consider that the bondage in question is shown by such painters of the Empire as Toulmouche, one of whose most elaborate efforts is shown in "The Serious Volume"? This insatiate elaboration of a poverty-stricken idea—this wealth of detail and research of microscopes applied to a painter's jest worthy at most of a sketch in Charivari—is it not a sign of slavery, of humiliation? The painter, in one of the most highly-finished boudoir scenes ever painted, simply asserts that it is the province of "The Serious Volume" to put modern folks to sleep. A large, handsome lady in a modish cap of lace, and another lady of slenderer proportions, have fallen upon each other's shoulders in uncontrollable slumber, while the good book that has been trying to entertain them effects a cataract down their laps unnoticed. The jest is not so bad, but is it observing the proportions of things to worry over the painting-niceties of Metz and Breughel, and Mieris and Terburg, and produce at last a masterpiece of artistic delicacy, merely to declare once more that sermons are soporifics? A picture with a piquant title is almost necessarily in a false position; we glance at it to see if the expressions are good, if the faces will yield us a moment's smile. If on the top of that we find it making a claim to be examined for finish and profundity, for artistic seriousness and rich effect, we are bored and not attracted. The moment Toulmouche's canvas, having beguiled us by a jest, attempts to detain us by its exhibition of art-knowledge and depth, it inflicts, itself, the ennui of "The Serious Volume."

A society subject of immeasurably higher quality is the "Confidence," by the Belgian Alfred Stevens. This artist is the interpreter of the nineteenth-century woman. He records her graces, her airs, her caprices, her temper, with the sympathetic and infallible acumen of Musset. The "Confidence" is extended by a beautiful lady to her friend, as both return at daybreak from a ball to the privacy of the nuptial chamber. On the lamp-stand, illuminated by the saffron rays that stream through the glass shade, lies a letter, the evidence of a temptation, or a treason, or a desertion. The woman whose pain is caused by the missive casts herself on a seat and buries her face in the knees of her friend, who stands sadly regarding the written record of folly or cruelty. Hand in hand, the heavy cashmere sliding

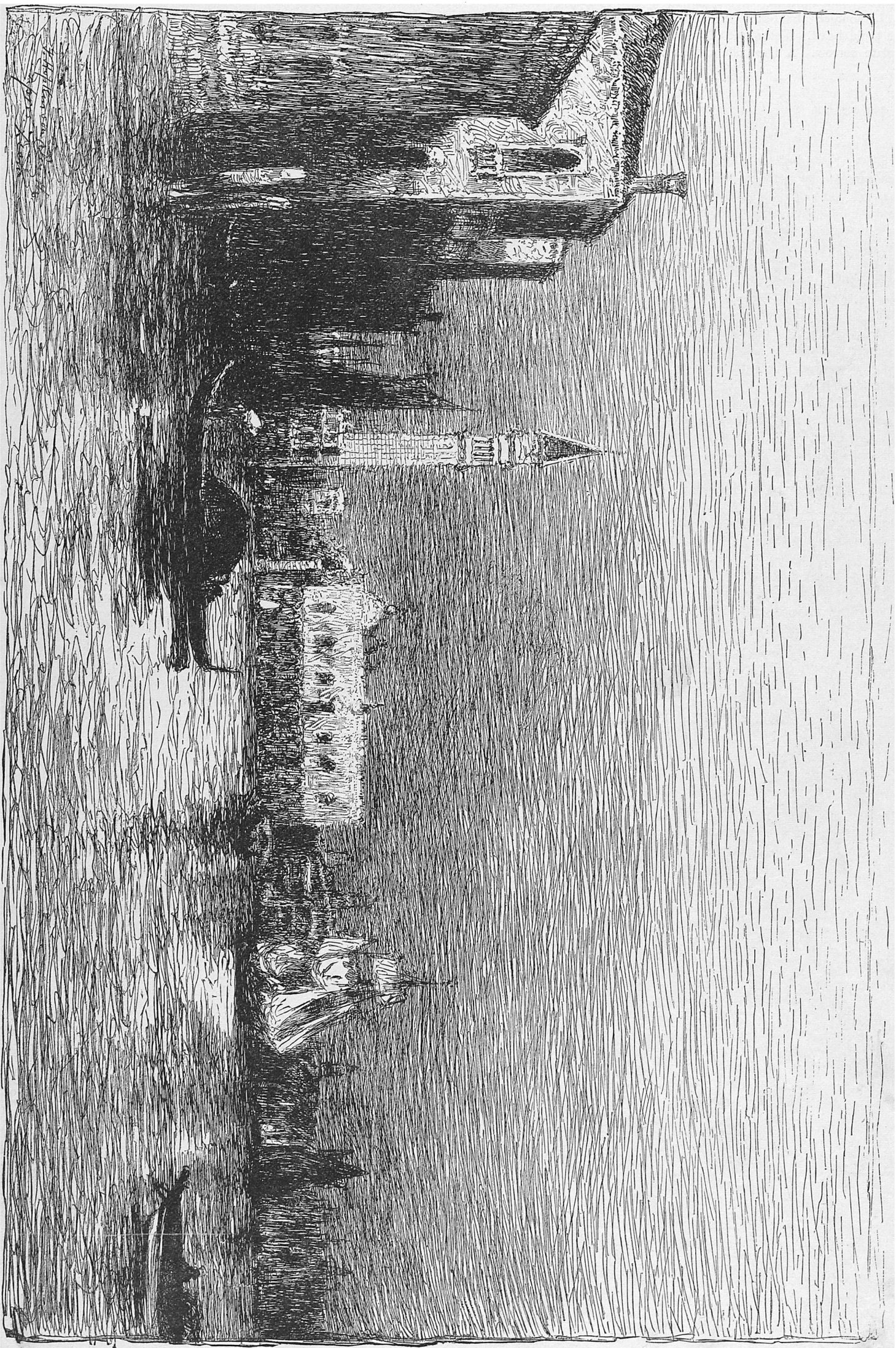


"BETSY PRIG AND SAIREY GAMP." (FRAGMENT.)

DRAWN BY LEON MORAN AFTER BAKKERKORF'S PICTURE IN THE A. T. STEWART COLLECTION.

artificial-looking and varnish schemes of color, disjointed efforts at brilliancy in detached spots, and pompous compositions of "personæ" evidently arranged for a theatrical fifth act. As a narrative, an eloquent historical paragraph, the picture must be admitted to succeed. It represents the triumphal entry into Rome accorded to Germanicus by Tiberius in May, A. D. 17. Tiberius really saw in the occasion a telling advertisement of himself. He and his general had prevailed over the Germans, whereas Augustus and his general had been baffled. It was not for Tiberius to be compelled to go about with long hair and beard, dashing his gray head against palace walls at night, and groaning, "Varus! Varus! give me back my legions!" The victory which Arminius, the prince of the Cherusci, had obtained in the three days' fight in Teutoburg forest was corrected by the victory of Germanicus on the Elbe. In the picture, Tiberius caresses in his soul the idea of this "éclatant" achievement of his reign, as from his towering throne he watches the shadow of the triumphal arch fall over the advancing form of Germanicus. Arminius has escaped, and is not there to adorn the triumph. But Arminius's wife, Thusnelda, whom the chief had won by violence in early days, is forced to walk in the procession, leading by the hand her little son Thumelicus. As she had not been taken prisoner of war, but had been given up by her treacherous father, Segestes, it was unknighly and dishonorable in Germanicus to introduce her among his captives. The delivery of Thusnelda to the Romans soon after the Teutoburg battle forms an

Germanicus to the Roman camp. "She she... no tear," says Tacitus. "She disdained any word of supplication. With her arms folded under her bosom, she glanced at her figure, which revealed how soon she would become a mother." This glimpse of the uncompromising behavior of a savage princess gives the artist his clew for the delineation of her garb and temper in the subsequent triumph. Strong and haughty, enveloped in her yellow hair, she strides into Rome like one of the Erinnys. The pageant, of which she is the principal jewel, is the demonstration of Roman theatric art in the first century, and is a superb stage-grouping of trophies, strange barbaric figures, shaggy animals of the north, and blasé Italians condescending to admire a Roman holiday. Already, for months past, the battle painters and landscapists of the capital have been busy painting the battles of Germanicus, and the scenes of German hill and river where they were fought. These representations of battle and landscape, to glorify the triumphing general, were borne through the city, and some real captives, with some fictitious Germans in masks, were dragged on before the car. Among the trophies were the Roman eagles, retaken from the Teutons. A German chief, in fact—for the barbarian ranks were full of traitors, among whom was the brother of Arminius—had given the Romans word where to find their eagles, in the "Holy Tann," the fane and sanctuary of the tribe. This fact explains the insolent feeling manifested in the foreground incident of the picture, where a Roman legionary leads by the beard a gray priest of the Tann, wreathed with



"VENICE." PEN DRAWING BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH, AFTER THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY ZIEM.

IN THE A. T. STEWART COLLECTION.

from the polished shoulders that emerge from the ball-dress, and the jewels rising and falling over two unquiet hearts, the friends clasp each other between the artificial light that reveals a perfidy and the gray dawn that crisps the window-curtain as it enters. "The warmth of these glowing hands which the lady holds in her own," says Lemonnier, describing the picture, "has softened her timid heart. The whole chamber is filled with a desolate sorrow. A lamp illuminates the two

friends with a golden translucence which lends a gentle reflection to the velvet skin and moderates the glitter of the ornaments." Mr. Stewart was well inspired when he introduced this faultless bit of social drama to give a "cachet" to his collection; as long as it exists it will justify the refinement of our century in art, manners, and feeling. Of its painter the author just quoted remarks: "The man, in one word, is precisely such as his painting would make you suppose, and what renders the cor-

respondence still more perfect is the frame in which he lives, that is to say the coquettish little house in the Ruc des Martyrs at Paris, with its garden buried in foliage, its rooms smothered in draperies and hangings, its bustle of feminine feet on the stairways, its revelations in the way of feminine toilettes. Potteries, and rare furniture, and cabinets crowded with objects from Japan and China—nothing is wanting to make it the type-mansion of a contemporary artist."

By Raymond Madrazo, perhaps the best painter of womankind to uphold beside the Belgian master, there is a subject interesting chiefly for its technique and embodying one of those odd studies of Spanish manners which could hardly be invented outside of the unconventional back-yards of the Peninsula. You feel, though, that this careless señorita, who has run up to converse with her monkey before she is dressed, whose linen is falling from her shoulders, and whose costume otherwise consists chiefly of an exaggerated girdle, will be a pattern of Spanish "morgue" and etiquette when the hour for full-dress arrives and the gentlemen begin to call. For the rest, it is a fine bit of chaste color-harmony.

"The Disputed Boundary" is an amusing genre subject, by Erskine Nicol, the Scotch peasantry delineator, whose mind takes its vacations in Ireland for the gratification of its love for fun.

By Louis Gallait, the greatest survivor of the school of Delaroche, though a Belgian, there is the "Confession." At the feet of a sallow, intellectual young priest, the very type of a lady's ideal confidant, who is seen in profile, falls a "femme éplorée," in a heap of draperies, her silky blonde hair on her shoulders, her attitude crushed and desperate.

Edouard Detaille contributes to the collection "Le Repos pendant la Manœuvre, en Camp à Saint-Maur," executed in 1869, and the real beginning of his fame. It has been highly praised by Théophile Gautier, in *The Journal Officiel*, by Edmond About, in *The Revue des Deux Mondes*, and by Paul Mantz, in *The Gazette*. The figures, a little too regularly studded about, like Hans Andersen's "hardy wooden soldiers," stand up in their chessboard uniformity with all the necessary individuality, when you choose to look at them, and with wondrous little-thinking faces beneath their bearskin caps. An early work of the late De Nittis, shows the "Promenade du Bois de Boulogne," with carriages and walkers going out through the avenue of the Champs Elysées at the blessed afternoon hour of liberty which releases the dandy and the lorette toward the freedom of the daily drive. By Troyon there are two cattle-pictures, not very large or important. By Bouguereau there are three examples of his best style; first, a large and showy picture representing peasant children grouped around a donkey; second, "Blind Homer," led as a beggar by a fine dark youth of twenty, with a series of dimmer figures in the upper part of the composition; and "Le Nouveau-né," a refined and very faultless subject of a shepherdess tenderly carrying a new-born lamb. Daubigny is represented by his large, exquisite, most poetical "Mois de Mai."

Other pictures in the collection (monsters in size some of them, and the sarcophagi of great lumps of dead capital) let us pass over with a light hand. By Boulanger, the friend and attentive follower of Gérôme, there is the "Appian Way in the Time of Augustus," with flower-girls, princesses in sedan-chairs, and naked African slaves in silver collars beating off the beggar-boys. Its merit is that it is a foil to Gérôme on his own ground, and makes the latter seem classical, serene, and perfect. The difference between a work of style and a work wanting in style is that between one of the balanced compositions of the Vesoul painter and such a pasticcio as this. By Edouard Dubufe fils there is the study (2 feet by 4) for the "Prodigal Son," which in some sort preserves this burned effort to the world in form and color. We remember seeing the large original in a place of high honor in the Salon of 1867, but it was never admired by the judicious, though the artist has conquered a great reputation. The large canvas was also the property of Mr. Stewart, and was burned in the West a few years ago, after reimbursing the owner for the high price paid for it by the profits of its exhibition in the principal American cities. By Yvon, the principal illustrator of the Crimean war, there is his smaller color-study for the "Battle of Inkerman." It has the dark and disagreeable effect not unusual in these condensed sketches. The same artist's "March of the American Republic," a colossal canvas, was hoarded among the Stewart effects, but was not shown. This allegory, painted some ten years



"AT THE WELL." PEN DRAWING BY JEAN BENNER.

(FOR DIRECTIONS FOR TREATMENT IN OIL AND MINERAL COLORS, SEE PAGE 94.)

ago, would probably have been liked by the majority of Americans if they had not heard that the French made fun of it.

American art was copiously, liberally, and, on the whole, intelligently fostered by Mr. Stewart. Huntington's large scene of "The American Court" would, perhaps, be the favorite of the greatest number of spectators. It represents General and Mrs. Washington presiding at a reception, and introduces sixty figures of revolutionary heroes and beauties of the time. By Church there is the great view of Niagara from the American side, some eight feet high by five in width; it is painted with a dash and freedom rare for Church. By Bierstadt there is a study of "Seal Rock," just outside the city of San Francisco, showing the natural arch in the cliff, like that at Capri or that at Eretat, and a gigantic breaker blown to powder as it lifts. James H. Beard shows portraits of two parlor dogs in a group.

The statuary includes several subjects which have made an immense stir in their time, and whose resting-place is known, perhaps, to few. Powers's "Greek Slave," one of six replicas made by the artist, represents a modern Greek girl captured by the Turks and exposed in a slave market at Damascus or Constantinople, nude, insulted, and haughty with the superiority of Christianity. Miss Hosmer's "Zenobia," walking through the streets of Rome in the triumph of Aurelianus, and crushed beneath her weight of Eastern jewels; Powers's two statues of "Eve," one before and one after the fall; and Randolph Rogers's "Nydia," or the blind girl feeling her way through Pompeii during the eruption, are popular and highly-appreciated works of sculpture in the collection. Of foreign sculpture may be mentioned two very decorative and elegant busts of maidens in white marble, heightened with gilding for the jewels and ornaments, by Aizelin.

The dispersion of the Stewart pictures calls attention anew to their purchase. In nothing was Mr. Stewart more characteristic. Every one knows his horror and his suspicion of being "used" in any way. One of the most prominent American paintings in his collection is "The Golden Hour," by Wm. Hart. Of its purchase the artist tells the following story, which also shows another gentleman, Dr. M——, in a most amiable light: "One day," said Mr. Hart, "there called upon me a gray-haired, fine-looking gentleman who ordered of me two paintings. After the preliminaries were settled he made the tour of my studio, in which I then had two large works, 'The Last Gleam,' and 'The Golden Hour.' 'Why don't you sell these?' he asked, 'to some of the great magnates? There is A. T. Stewart, now buying American pictures.' Of course I said I would be only too glad to sell them. 'I'll see what I can do,' he said. After he had gone I remembered that I knew nothing of my client—not even his name. That didn't trouble me, for if a man takes the pains to come to your studio and order pictures the presumption is he wants them.

"Not long after that, one very cold day, another respectable elderly man came to my studio. He did not announce himself, but said: 'I was told to come here and see a couple of paintings in your studio.' He was very much puzzled as to which he would take, but said he would take one and would send a friend around to decide which it should be. Then he suddenly turned to me: 'Do you know Dr. M——?' 'No.' 'He's a friend of

mine.' 'Then I should like to know him.' 'He's a great doctor.' 'All the more I should like to know him.' 'He saved my life once.' 'Then I should be delighted to know him.' 'He's very knowing in art matters, too.' 'That would be another bond.' 'I like you, Mr. Hart,' he said. Then he went away. His friend came, and 'The Golden Hour' was transferred to the gallery of Mr. A. T. Stewart.

"Meanwhile my orders were filled, but I had seen nothing of my fine old gentleman. Finally, one morning, in he came. He was pleased with his purchases, and gave the number of his residence to which they should be sent. But still no name. I was naturally curious. 'Mr. A. T. Stewart has been here,' I said. 'Has he?' 'He bought my "Golden Hour." 'Did he?' he answered. 'When will I get my pictures?' I returned to the charge, and related my conversation with Mr. Stewart, saying in conclusion, 'I'd like to know Dr. M——.' He did not answer, but with a few more words about his pictures left the room. I heard him go to the elevator, then suddenly a few rapid steps, and a head thrust in my door. 'I'm Dr. M——,' he exclaimed, and he was gone. Dr. M—— wished to do me a service, but he knew Mr. Stewart well enough not to allow me to know who he was. And, wisely enough, for, true to his instincts, Mr. Stewart had first to satisfy himself that there was no collusion between Dr. M—— and myself."

FLOWER-PAINTING IN OILS.

SEE that your design is well placed on your paper or canvas, not too high nor too low, nor on one side. Then block in in masses. Never begin by shaping carefully some single feature, else when it is alone you will probably find it is not quite in the right place and must be erased, and all your work will be lost. Make a rough dash or two to indicate certain marked points in the sketch, then one will tell the story on the other, whether they will come out right or not, and when you are certain of all it will be time for details.

If you are trying some flowers from nature, place them so that the light falls on one side of the study; seat yourself so that you see enough of the shadow side, and far

enough away to get full effect of light and shade. Put your lightest mass of color in full light, and see that the colors *are* massed, not sprinkled or peppered around all over the study. Do not place all the flowers looking toward you, but see the side and back of some. Do not make out every little stem and leaf to painful perfection, but let some of them get lost in the tangle. A little mystery is better, and suggestiveness is always pleasing.

Let the background set off the picture, not *be* the picture, and usually the colors in the study softly mottled together, with broad shadow, and not too brilliant tints to be spotty, will do this.

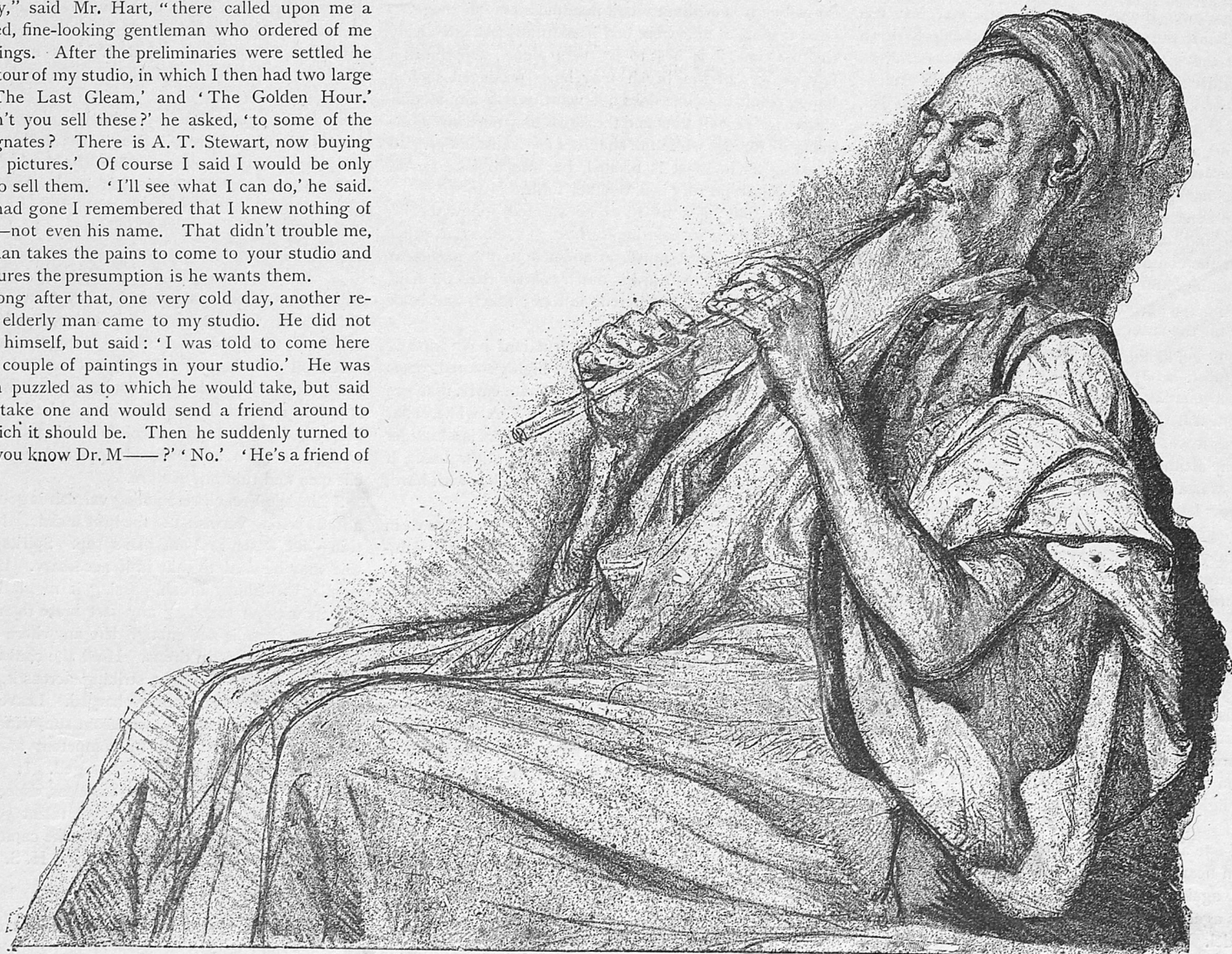
Keep your tints pure. Use brushes enough, and those that are large enough. Lose some of your little brushes. Your pictures will be better off. Forget each little part by thinking constantly of the study as a whole, and by trying for general effect. Do not leave out some that are away back in the shadow, but paint them so that it will seem as if you could reach away around the jug, or vase, or bunch, and pick them.

Study your shadow colors. Many amateurs simply intensify the local color, and never see the shadowy tint which is far more subtle. It is a help to read "Take this or that for such a thing," but only practice can teach the right proportions. Like Gail Hamilton's receipt for Boston brown bread, you must "Take—well, take enough." Careful work must tell you when you have enough. But there are certain helpful maxims which you can put up as guide-posts, and warning fingers, and critical reminders.

Keep the edges soft; do not put a nice little hard line around each petal and leaf. Paint shadows thinly; pile up high lights. Paint what you see. High light and deep shadow often obliterate both form and color. Paint from dark to light; never lay on high lights first. Paint even a white flower all in shadowy grays first. Paint directly; do not dab around in blind faith that what you seek will somehow rise up and appear to you out of the chaos. Study the harmony of the whole.

As to finish—that indefinable term—avoid extremes, but try to strike the happy mean between finnickiness and a mere impression.

E. F.



"THE SERPENT-CHARMER." PENCIL STUDY BY GEORGES CLAIRIN.